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KNIGHT OF THE GRIP

Meandering Around Madison, Indiana.

Joe Mulhattan as a Newspaper Liar, his Championship being Awarded before the Editor of the Gazette Arrived on the Scene.

Up the Ohio on the "City of Madison"—A Strong Temptation to Write Poetry Fortunately Conquered—Another Chestnut—At Cincinnati—Homeward Bound.

We Sundayed at Greenfield, the home of the "Hoosier Poet," the birthplace of the Democratic Rooster and where the Gatling gun is claimed to have been invented. Harry Pierson, also of this place, claims to be the real inventor of Colt's pistol. He says he has the original specifications and description papers for this patent. The papers were said to have been lost in the patent office but in a few months afterward one of the clerks in the office obtained a patent for what exactly corresponded to Pierson's invention. The conical steel ball was invented by a Mr. Cluttenden, of this place. It is a beautiful little place and we were loathe to leave such an attractive place. However, about 4 o'clock, Monday morning I hunched Hague, my partner, and asked him if he were asleep. "No, I've been awake for two hours," said he.

"Then lend me five dollars."

"I've just dozed off again."

He afterward asked me if I saw the point. I did.

"The above is an old chestnut.—*Hillsboro Gazette*, July 31."

After leaving Greenfield we headed toward Madison, on the Ohio River, but found nothing of any particular interest through this portion of the State. We met a Hillsboro man, Mr. Moyers, in Connersville, who is engaged in the dry goods business in that place.

Madison is a town of about twelve thousand people and is dissimilar to most Indiana towns. It is built on a long narrow strip of land lying between the steep bluff and the river. It would be impossible for the town to grow much, for on one side it is hemmed in by an almost perpendicular bluff and on the other by the river, and the bluffs above and below extend to the water's edge, leaving the city entirely surrounded by steep bluffs on one side and the Ohio River on the other.

One street running the long way of the town, is the principal thoroughfare and is provided with a line of street cars. The street is not straight but conforms to the direction of the river in order to pass through the center of the town.

Madison has but one railroad of which it is the terminus. It's situation renders it almost inaccessible by rail. The only road Madison has ever had was one of the earliest roads built in the State and was extended to the town at great cost and labor.

I knew nothing of the hills surrounding the city and was standing on the rear platform when the train began the descent to the river. I noticed the sudden dive of the train in a downward direction and looking forward I saw a great chasm, probably three miles long, that the train was plunging into. I admit I didn't feel as comfortable as I had a few moments before as we plunged down that incline, with all brakes set and fire flying from the wheels and engine reversed. No, sir. I gave a long sigh of relief when we reached the bottom of that hill. The railroad is cut down through the cliff and for the most part through solid rock. Until recently a special engine was used to convey trains up and down this part of the road. These engines were provided with a cog wheel that worked in a row of cogs laid along in the center of the rails, thus preventing the engine from slipping.

This has now been done away with and the grade is traveled without this safeguard.

Madison now is a dead city. It contains an immense amount of wealth for its size, but it was nearly all accumulated during the late war. It was then the leading river town of the State and situated there were several large pork houses. Pork speculators of Madison became millionaires. She has two or three millionaires to-day, the result of speculation during those times. During the yellow fever epidemic in the South it was a favorite point for refugees from the ill-fated districts, since it was considered a healthful resort.

Personally speaking, I don't like the location. It is a town containing many palatial residences, but it is too much hampered and shut off from the outside world to suit me. The Kentucky hills on the south and Indiana bluffs on the north make it practically, in a hole. One is compelled to look almost straight up to see the sun. Nice people there and all of that, but I am not "stuck" on Madison.

One evening while there I told Hague I was going home for a while. It was too hot to travel and I announced my intention to take a boat on the following day for Cincinnati.

Hague had been admitted to the bar of Ohio about six months previous and said he would go out West and look up a location and hang out his shingle. We were going to quit the road for a while and the next day at 3 p. m., I took the "City of Madison," an excellent boat, for Cincinnati. It was a dreamy, pleasant afternoon and I shall never forget the ride up the Ohio. The scenery along the river to me was grand. Hills, covered with trees, broken ever and anon by deep ravines, reflecting the lingering, golden rays of the setting sun in the placid bosom of the river presented a scene that art cannot imitate.

As I sat on the hurricane deck, in the early twilight, my soul was filled with rapturous delight. I am not a poet, I never have yet yielded to that unpardonable sin, but I came nearer ruining my life on that occasion by an attempt to write poetry, than ever before. How I shudder when I think of it now. I did, however, resolve that if ever I get married—there it is again and I promised the editor I wouldn't say anything about marriage again and I won't, but I'll take a boat every time in preference to a train.

Twilight deepened and as the shore line grew indistinct I turned my attention to nearer attractions. The piano fiend, so touchingly referred to by Dr. Fullerton, was either asleep or had missed the boat. I saw the piano at the far end of the hall, but thanks to our lucky stars, it held its tongue.

The conversation consisted in discussing the usual light topics of the day, personal experiences, etc., and even chestnut stories, (*Gazette* please copy). The most interesting part of the evening's conversation was an account of the life and character of Joe Mulhattan, the champion newspaper liar of America.

In order to make the above statement appear consistent I will simply say, by way of explanation, that the present editor of the Hillsboro *Gazette* was not then in the newspaper business.

Joe Mulhattan is a name familiar to many persons throughout the land, but I have often wondered whether such a person in reality existed. But such a person there is, and during the last Presidential campaign the drummers nominated him as their candidate for President. Joe Mulhattan was born near Pittsburg, Pa., in 1853. His father was a Presbyterian minister who died several years ago. Joseph was educated in Pittsburg and received an academic education in the High School there, where he graduated with honor.

Mr. Mulhattan has the reputation of being the most versatile and adventurous liar alive, with the exception mentioned above. He himself accepts the epithet with complacacy, though speaking of himself he does not apply it. He alludes to his achievements as short newspaper novels and harmless fabrications of the imagination; and he claims to be doing for journalism just what Jules Verne has done for the world of romantic literature.

Mr. Mulhattan never told a lie that was not worthy of the highest talents in this direction, and he never told one that would harm a single individual. In this respect widely differing from the editor of the *Gazette*. In fact he never *told* a lie, but has written all of them and had them printed in the various papers of the country. "In his private dealings with men his word is as good as his bond. No man's statements are more reliable, no man's conduct is more upright, and no man's conversation is cleaner or purer. In fact he is a gentleman in the highest sense of the term." So said our informant, whose business and social relations with Mr. Mulhattan had been intimate since he began active life. He began his business career with a hardware firm in Pittsburg and soon went on the road as a traveling salesman. Afterward he engaged to travel for a wholesale firm in Louisville. He remained with this firm some time and then went to Galveston, Texas, for Bridgeford & Co. of that place. He traveled in Texas and Mexico for one year, and then resumed his old place in Louisville, where he was engaged when our informant severed his business connections with him. He has been a drummer ten years and in that capacity has been all over the country east of the Rocky Mountains. He has a large trade and is a valuable man to any firm who employs him. He has refused all offers of marriage and says he has never made any. He is said to be as popular as any man in his calling, and is as tender-hearted as a woman.

He organized the Kentucky Humane Society two years ago, and has done much to promote its interests. On Oct. 2d, '82, he was nominated for President of the United States, as their candidate by the Drummers' convention, with Z. T. Collier, of Ohio, as the nominee for the Vice Presidency. He is said to be of a sunny and energetic disposition, and did not entirely regard his nomination for President as a joke.

Mr. Mulhattan's stories have been read not only all over this country, but in Europe. They are written only for amusement and are dashed off at odd hours, never occupying more than an hour in their composition; but those of my readers who are familiar with his stories, know how complete they are in detail, and both how well conceived and well written they are. He claims to have invented a new field in journalism and thinks he stands in the front rank of that profession. He says: "People haven't time to read books nowadays, yet they must be entertained, and they should get their amusement from the newspapers. So I write short novels of the Jules Verne order and they are read and talked about everywhere. I never do any harm by my stories, and I write for the amusement of myself and others. Sometimes I am paid for my writing, but do not write for pay. I have written some poems and sketches for some of the magazines, and have done some Southern correspondence for the *Courier-Journal*. That was a business transaction, and I did it in a business way—didn't tell lies,—never do when I am writing about real people and things." He said he laid Tom Ochiltree out in Texas, and if he had stayed there a little longer he thought they would have sent him to Congress in his place. He said he floored Ochiltree on the meteor story.

The story that was so disastrous to Ochiltree's reputation was told while Mr. Mulhattan was in Texas. It was to the effect that a great meteor had fallen, crushing houses, people, cattle, and trees; that it was imbedded in the earth two hundred feet and projected for seventy feet above the surface, and that it was red hot and steaming with sulphurous gases. The story was first published in the Ft. Worth *Gazette*, which was, of course, taken into Mr. Mulhattan's confidence. The Associated Press agent at Dallas saw the *Gazette* and was taken in by the story. He telegraphed it to the main office and thence it was distributed all over the United States and to Europe. It was the wonder of a day and then the sell was made known. But the morning after the publication the *Gazette* received 114 telegrams inquiring about the occurrence, some of them from Europe. The paper continued to receive letters about the affair for a month.

The next great story was the Texas skeleton story. It was a blood-curdling narrative about a carriage containing five skeletons, that was found in a lonely place on the plains. The sensational Eastern weeklies illustrated the pictures. Two other stories published were less tragic but none the less marvelous.

They tell of great subterranean bodies of water. One was about a hidden river that was found to be flowing beneath Birmingham, Ala. It was explored for miles and was found to be making toward the sea. The other river was found beneath a Kentucky town and was discovered by exploring a cave 1,100 feet deep. The river was found to be full of icebergs and eyeless sharks and whales and other marine monsters were discovered. This story is still going the rounds of some of the back county papers. Caves full of mummies, of Masonic emblems, and of relics of prehistoric races have frequently been found by Mr. Mulhattan.

What this able liar calls his "great national joke" caused quite a sensation in 1876. He proposed to remove the bodies of Washington and Lincoln to the Centennial Exhibition, and expose them to view at fifty cents a head. With the money that should be thus obtained he proposed to complete the Washington monument. Many of the newspapers of the country discussed the question seriously; sentiment was divided in favor and against the plan and caused considerable strife. At another time he set a story afloat that John Wilkes Booth had been seen alive in several places.

Mr. Mulhattan's first attempt was made in the Pittsburg *Leader*. It described an Australian wedding, and the wealth expended on the ceremony would have been sufficient to have paid the National debt. The bride's dress was covered with diamonds of phenomenal size. The streets were carpeted with flowers, and the presents were of immense value. In short it was a fairy story located in Australia. His *non de plume* was formally "Orange Blossom," but he has long since abandoned it.

We are at Cincinnati. I take a train for home at about 3:30 p. m., so will spend my vacation near the "Model Town." So long.

KNIGHT OF THE GRIP.

A hotel keeper at Coney Island has applied for an injunction to restrain a neighbor from the further use of an extremely energetic barrel organ that is run by steam and which has emptied the hotel of all its guests.

TRAMP PRINTER

Writes about Washington's Headquarters

At the Picturesque, Historic City of Newburgh-on-the-Hudson,

After a Few Lines Regarding Kingston and Fireworks.

I journeyed from Albany (of which a complete history before long) to the city of

KINGSTON,

One of the funniest places I "ever did see." It is really two towns, having always been legally so until quite recently, when it was made one. What was old Kingston is a couple of miles back from the Hudson, and strung out very liberally. Among its historical buildings is an old stone house, still well preserved, in which the Senate used to meet in 1777—"the times that tried men's souls," and their endurance and sole-leather as well. To Kingston has been recently wedded the adjoining city of

RONDOUT,

Which is built in a cove between two little mountain ranges, right down upon the river bank. It stretches up the ravine and over the neighboring knolls to the railroad, where the old town of Rondout used to quit and Kingston began, but now it is all Kingston, with one corporation government—about the loosest too, I ever saw. There are no police at all, although the united cities have a population of 20,000 people, constables doing police duty, only on State occasions. I celebrated the natal day of my country there, and Texas, Wyoming or Montana in their palmiest days couldn't have raked up more different gambling devices than were allowed to fleece the patriotic visitors who came to celebrate with us. Chuck-a-luck cloths were hastily improvised, and invitations to "crack down and try your luck" were to be heard in bar-rooms, hotel offices, livery stables, and almost anywhere else; and all other varieties of gaming enjoyed equal liberties. The parade in the morning contained some bands that would almost persuade me to write a funny letter (if I could) and fine the Cincinnati Society for the Suppression of Music, and the red-shirted volunteer firemen lent a carmine hue to the day time. By sunset no red-shirts were necessary, as everything about town was painted scientifically and patriotically. There were fire works in the evening—just after dusk. Fireworks are another

RELIC OF BARBERISM.

They are a child's play that ought to be regulated—I may say forbidden—by law. $2,000 were sent to hades in less than half an hour that night at Kingston, that the populace might look for a few short seconds upon flying rockets and variegated lights. The "goddess of liberty" looked splendid in fire, and there were several very pretty designs, but the biggest one, representing the father of our country upon horseback didn't go off just according to Hoyle. It was all right excepting that the head and shoulders of the horse went off prematurely and were consumed before George got well ablaze, and after the forequarters of the horse and the rider had disappeared into the night, the hindquarters of the horse continued to sparkle, and his burning tail lingered entirely too long to enhance the general effect. Now what I shall assert is that it was infernal nonsense to waste 2,000 good hard Yankee dollars in such puerile, useless sport. It is all very pretty to look at, it is true, but then I'd much rather have had the 2,000 "cases." And I suspect, Mr. Editor, that so would you. Such wasteful tomfoolery ought to be stopped. Let some humanitarian organize a society for the Prevention of Fireworks. I speak to be a charter member.

We came to Kingston over the West Shore railroad, much of the way leading along the banks of the Hudson, and all the way through splendid scenery, passing through the

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS,

And the city of Catskill and crossing the Catskill river. The sole occupation of the inhabitants of this section, apparently, is keeping summer hotels. When our train stopped for water at Catskill you could look arouud over the neighboring mountain-sides and see the tops or verandahs of hotels in great numbers. The country round about does not seem particularly adapted to anything else. The Catskill mountains remind me forcibly of the Sunfish Hills of Southern Ohio, only they are a little—in fact considerably—more so.

Next after Kingston we visited

NEWBURGH,

About twenty miles farther down the Hudson, on the same side. Newburgh is celebrated exceedingly as having been for a long time during the Revolutionary struggle the headquarters of General Washington, and the modern Newburghers are so proud of it, they feel deep contempt for everybody whose town can't boast of having been a General's (or at least a Major's) headquarters. The town is built right upon a steep hillside, and when you are up town, you fear to start down, lest the momentum necessary to locomotion might take you clear down into the river. The great point of interest to the tourist is the ancient stone house, (don't you remember its picture in your history?) standing high on the hillside above the river—which was

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS,

Ever so long ago. The building has probably changed but little in the more than a century that has passed since occupied by the great soldier and statesman. The walls are solidly, roughly and picturesquely built of stone and mortar, one story and a half in height, and containing much more space than one would guess from an outside glance. On the east side is a stoop from which the Hudson may be seen stretching away and losing itself among the hazy blue of its "Highland." Particularly pretty is the view from this point at sunset or twilight, when the rays of the sinking sun glisten upon the water. The house has a frontage of fifty-six feet and is forty-six feet in depth. It was built in 1750, and enlarged in 1770, when it was owned and occupied by one Jonathan Hasbrouck, a grandson of one of the founders of New Paltz and a colonel in the militia.

Washington first occupied the place as his headquarters in the spring of 1782, remaining until August 18th, 1783, on the morning of which date he took his departure. At this spot he passed through the most trying period of the Revolution—the year of inactivity of Congress, distress throughout the States, and complaint and discontent (at times almost amounting to mutiny) in the army. It was here in May, 1782, that Colonel Nicola made the proposition that Washington should become king of the infant nation, which proposal was received with "surprise and astonishment, viewed with abhorance and reprimanded with severity." His answer pleased the soldiers, and "from that hour," says a historian, "a republic became the only possible form of government for the enfranchised colonies."

The inattention of Congress to the payment of the army at this time, or a little later, gave rise to an equally important episode in the history of the war. In March, 1783, the first of the "Newburgh Letters" were issued, in which the army were advised to revolt. The letter was followed by a notice for a public meeting of officers on the succeeding Tuesday. Washington requested a meeting of officers on the Saturday preceding the appointed Tuesday, and when they were gathered together he made an address, "one of the most touching and effective on record." At its close the officers unanimously resolved "to reject with disdain" the infamous proposition contained in the notice, and which was written by a Major Armstrong, one of Gen. Gates' aides. Of this meeting Washington said: "Had this day been wanting, the world had never known the height to which human greatness is capable of attaining."

The announcement of the cessation of hostilities in April, 1783, was received by the troops at Newburgh with great rejoicing. A flowery historian wrote that "the mountain sides resounded and echoed like tremendous thunder peals, and the flashing from thousands of fire-arms in the darkness of the evening, was like unto vivid flashes of lightning from the clouds."

The presence of the American forces in the Highlands and along the river were made necessary by the British intention of securing control of the navigation of the stream, and cutting off the Northern from the Southern States. This they hoped would confine the revolution to the North alone, where it was thought it could be easily crushed. Thus the Hudson became the strategic line of the contending forces, to which the Highlands became the key. While the British cannon thundered at New York and Quebec, the extremes of the line, the patriots guarded the passes of the Highlands. On both sides of the beautiful Hudson the camp fires glittered, while from the center of the field—the old Hasbrouck house—Washington and his secret service watched the movements of his splendidly equipped enemy. Twice the center of the line was lost; and recovered almost miraculously. Sir Henry Clinton's victorious pennants were caressed by the breezes of the Highland battlements October 7th, 1777, and his courier hastened to bid Burgoyne hold on. Then the failure and demoralization of the patriots seemed but the question of a few hours; but accident led the messenger into the hands of American militiamen, and Burgoyne, after waiting at Saratoga until he could wait no longer, surrendered, and Forts Clinton and Montgomery, charred by fire and strewn with dead, again fell into possession of the dauntless patriots. Speaking of this a writer says: "The treason of Arnold was not less accidentally prevented from accomplishing its purpose; and in the connection how singular is the fact that while accident or miracle twice saved the cause of liberty, the immediate agents through whom so great a boon was gained—Taylor and Andre—suffered death at the hands of hangmen." Which simply goes to show what monstrous results may come from little accidents—*and how terrible is war.*

When Washington occupied this building his household consisted of himself, his wife and Major Tighlman, his aid-de-camp. The largest room, which is entered from the east stoop, has seven doors and one window, and was used as the sitting and dining-room. The northeast room was Washington's bed room and the adjoining room on the left was his office. The family room was that in the southeast, and the kitchen was in the southwest. The northwest room was the parlor, mainly reserved for Mrs. Washington and her guests.

The building is now substantially the same as it was during its occupation by the distinguished family. The same massive timbers span the ceiling;

THE OLD FIRE PLACE

with its wide open chimney is ready for the huge back-log as of yore; the seven doors are in their places; where the rays of the morning sun stream over the eastern Highlands and gild the bosom of the Hudson they stream as then through the one window; and no alteration has been made in the form of the old stoop. I quote from a modern writer (Ruttenber): "In the presence of these surroundings it requires but little effort of the imagination to restore the departed guests. Forgetting not that this was Washington's private residence, rather than a place for the transaction of public business we may, in the old sitting room, re-spread the long oaken table, listen to the blessing invoked on the morning meal, hear the cracking of joints and the mingled hum of conversation. The meal dispensed, Mrs. Washington retires to appear at the flower beds or in her parlor to receive her morning calls. Colfax, the captain of the Life Guard, enters to receive the orders of the day—perhaps a horse and guard for Washington to visit New Windsor or a barge for Fishkill or West Point is required; or it may be Washington remains at home and at his writing desk conducts his correspondence, or dictates orders for army movements.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR,

sitting in the corner yonder, is still ready for its former occupant.

"The dinner hour of 5 o'clock approaches. The guests of the day have arrvived. Steuben, the iron drill master and German soldier of fortune, converses with Mr. Washington. He has reduced the simple marksmen of Bunker Hill to the discipline of the armies of Europe and tested their efficiency in the din of battle. He has leisure now, and scarcely knows how to find employment for his active mind. He is telling his hostess in broken German-English of the whale (it proved to be an eel) he had caught on the river. Hear his hostess laugh! That is the voice of Lafayette, relating his adventure in escaping from France, or, perhaps, his mishap in attempting to attend Mrs. Knox's last party. Wayne, of Stony Point; Gates, or Saratoga; Clinton, the Irish-blooded Governor of New York, and their compatriots—we may place them at all times beside our *Pater Patriae* in the old room and hear, amid the mingled hum, his voice declare: 'Happy, thrice happy shall they be pronounced hereafter, who have contributed anything, who have performed the meanest office in erecting this stupenduous fabric of Freedom and Empire on the broad basis of independency; who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature, and in establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions.'"

Isn't that beautiful word-painting?

AFTER MANY YEARS.

It is related that fifty years after Washington lived here, a wealthy and eccentric Frenchman named Marbois, reproduced, for the entertainment of Lafayette, then aged and feeble, the old sitting room and its table scene. From his elegant saloon he led his guests to the room he had prepared. There was the large open fire-place and plain oaken floor; the whitewashed ceiling was supported by huge beams and there were seven doors and one window with heavy sash and small panes. The furniture was plain and old-fashioned and in the center of the room was an oaken table covered with a repast in the familiar service. While the guests were expressing surprise Lafayette looked around as if awakening from a dream and exclaimed "Ah! the seven doors and one window, and the silver camp goblets such as the Marshals of France used in my youth—we are at Washington's Headquarters on the Hudson, fifty years ago!"

After the disbandonment of the American forces the Hasbroucks again occupied their old home. In 1849 it became the property of the State. Long after it was known as the "old Hasbrouck house," but the memory of its more illustrious occupant and the events that clustered around it during his residence here, ever brightening as the years advanced, caused this name to gradually fade away before the undying one by which it is now known.

The property was placed in the care of the Board of Trustees of the village, to be preserved as near as possible as it was at the time of Washington's occupancy and to erect a flag-staff from which should flow the American flag inscribed: "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable."

On July 4th, 1850, the flag-staff was erected and the place formally dedicated with appropriate services, when Major General Winfield Scott raised the colors with his own hands. The house contains a large and varied collection of arms, documents, flags and other relics of which I will write later.

Long may the quaint, historic old building stand—one of the unneeded monuments to the memory of the Father of our country and his brave co-workers, and the heroic deeds which made a nation with a Government "of, for and by the people," whose glorious motto is inscribed, not alone upon the glorious tricolor that floats from the staff on the hill, but in the hearts of its people as well:

"Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable."

Tramp Printer

SEA REST,

A Pleasant Place Where Sweet Charity Welcomes the Over-Worked,

And Where Laboring Girls May Find Needed Rest from the Drudgery of Needle and Kitchen and Counter.

A Description of the Institution and Something about Its Noble Band of Managers by Miss E. P. Allen, principal of the Highland Institute.

"I want to go to the sea shore for a few days before I go home," I said to my friend in Philadelphia. "Where would you go?" "Well, there is Sea Rest, I should think you would enjoy that." "What is it? Do nice people go there, and where is it?" I said all in one breath. "Just now," she replied, "it is managers' week there, and you would meet some of the best ladies of Philadelphia there; but you could only stay a week, for then the time of the regular boarders begins." "You see," she went on, "before the hot weather comes on, the managers of the Woman's Christian Association take two weeks and go down themselves. They pay usual prices, and that gives a fund to start on for the expenses of the summer." "Who are the regular boarders?" I asked, very much interested in this noble benevolence. "They are young women who are self-supporting, and who do not earn over a certain sum a week. These apply to the managers and are received at 'Sea Rest' for two weeks each, at the rate of $3.25 a week. In most cases also, we obtain a reduced ticket for them on the railroad, so that they can take this vacation for about $8 each. Then they go and others come. I will gladly give you letters of introduction to the lady managers that are now at Sea Rest, if you would like." So furnished with these I started. And never was stranger more cordially received, and never did a name more truly describe a place. It was a Rest indeed to heart and body. It was a house full of ladies, earnest, active, cheerful Christian workers they all were. On one coming as a stranger, they bestowed not the cold and formal stare of a fashionable hotel, but the welcome of a fellow-worker and member of the same household. Indeed they exceeded this kindness and received us with special thoughtfulness, because of our being a stranger.

The house is set in the midst of pines on every side, and is a few blocks from the shore and bathing places of Asbury Park. "Sea Rest" is designed for the accommodation of working women, who need recreation or rest and can not afford to pay the price of board at the usual resorts. By working women we mean that large class of hard-worked, underpaid women who gain a livelihood by teaching, sewing, as clerks, saleswomen, operators in shops, factories, or in the various branches of business open to them, wearing out their lives in an almost endless drudgery, for wages that admit of no thought of rest or recreation. Many have not the "days out" granted to those in domestic service, to say nothing of the comfortable homes this latter class enjoy.

It is for women enumerated above that the house at Asbury Park is designed. Owing to the low terms made to "regular boarders" they are expected to make their own beds and keep their rooms in order. Family worship is conducted daily, usually by one of the managers, who comes down to oversee the progress of a week at a time of the season. Another, another week, and so on.

While I was there one of the ladies from Philadelphia started a subscription for girls who would be unable to pay even the $8 required. Everybody contributed in sums from fifty cents to $10. "I do believe," said this lady—a glorious old maid she was—"I do believe that if I walked along the street people would put money at me." She had enough in a day or two to bring eight girls down to "Sea Rest."

As we sat on the sea shore at night, watching the incoming tide and the low hung moon, she told me of the girls that she knew whom she intended to send done. "There is ——, whose work keeps her in a store, and when her vacation began her brother was taken sick and she not only couldn't rest at all, but she used up all her money taking care of him. Then I know of an old lady who never can get away because of home cares; she shall have some," she said.

Nothing so sweetens life as kindness and thoughtfulness and generosity shown to others, especially if it be done "In His Name." So one could not find a happier set of people, though not light or trifling, than these Association ladies at "Sea Rest". People who are working for God and for humanity, are also much more interesting than those who are doing nothing but amuse themselves amid the realities of life, which to so many are stern and unhappy. I count it a privilege to have known those W. C. A. ladies.

E. P. A.